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The Art of Love Making.

A bright young woman, whose views on the subject are worth considering gave an Atlanta Constitution reporter some choice thoughts the other day concerning the art of love making: "The way to win a girl," she said, "is not the way to win a man. Men and women are not alike. Make a woman jealous and it destroys her love. If you want to win a girl flatter her. Let the other people see that you are devoted to her and let her see that you are letting them see it. There must be no other woman. A woman wants to reign alone in a man's heart. With a man it is different. If there is a dozen different fellows after a girl it makes him all the more anxious to get her. When all quit the field he leaves too. A man doesn't want to make love to a girl that nobody else is making love to. A man mustn't let a girl treat him badly. If she treats him badly, the thing for him to do is to resent it by leaving. She'll call him back, depend upon it. A man mustn't try to make a young lady show her liking for him when there is no necessity for it. He'll fail every time. Finally a man must never be servile to a woman. He must retain his independence and self respect. He must never get on his when making love to her."

An old railroad man was converted, as the story goes, and was asked to lead in prayer. This is the way he worded it: "O Lord, now that I have dragged Thee, lift up my feet from the rough road and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp, known as prudence, make all the couplings in the train with the strong link of Thy love, and let my hand clasp the Bible. And, Heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off on the sidings, especially those with a blind end. O Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, have every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope, that I may make the run of my life without stopping. And Lord give us the ten commandments for a schedule, and when I have finished the run on schedule time, pulled into the great dark station of death, may Thou, the superintendent of universe, say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come and sign the pay roll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'—St. Louis Advocate.

Such remarks as these are not calculated to raise Senator Blackburn in the eyes of decent people, even if he does feel himself aggrieved. "If I was running hell, and had the Courier-Journal, Times and Post managers, editors and reporters sent to me, I would turn the other inmates loose, lest they be contaminated." "I hope none of those papers will ever publish the Ten Commandments, as it would make me lose faith in religion."

A very laughable coincidence happened in Boston, Mass., a few days ago. A couple were out riding on their wheels when they suddenly took a notion to marry. Appearing before a minister they asked to have the knot tied, when the parson looked over his glasses at the man in his bicycle costume and at the girl in her bloomers and jacket, and smilingly said: "but please may I ask which is the bridegroom?"

THANKS.—The Strange Bros., of the Columbia Spectator are kindly moved to remark: It is refreshing to glance over the always bright columns of the Stanford INTERIOR JOURNAL, and how since the brainy editor has just returned from honey-mooning in the Northwest, his writings seem to be pushed with more vim and vigor than formerly.

ANOTHER IMPROVEMENT.—In passenger train service from Lexington commencing July 4th, the Chesapeake & Ohio railway put on another through sleeping car line between Lexington, Washington and New York. The F. F. V. train leaving Lexington at 11:40 A. M. daily carries a through sleeper to Washington, instead of a chair car to Ashland as formerly. Returning this train leaves New York at 8 o'clock A. M., Washington at 2:25 P. M. and arrives at Lexington 3:35 A. M. next morning. The sleeper goes on to Louisville via L. & N. R. R., arriving there at 12:00 noon. The service on night train remains the same. Remember that you save three hours each way by taking the Chesapeake & Ohio railway. Consult a C. & O. map and schedule before arranging your trip East. George W. Barney, district passenger agent, Lexington.

DR. JOHN SNOWDEN, a candidate for the democratic nomination for the Legislature from Clark county, has published a card in which he says he is for free turnpikes, free silver, quadrennial instead of biennial sessions of the Legislature, for the inauguration of the whipping post and for Joe Blackburn for United States Senator. This is too much of a load for any one man to carry.

AT Fort Smith, Ark., Mary A. Kittenning, George Washington Frazier and Richard Calhoun were sentenced to be hanged October 1 for the murder in the Indian Territory of Andrew J. Kittenning, husband of the woman.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

Baptist brethren say that Rev. Wm. Shelton preached a splendid sermon for them Sunday.

A Topeka, Kas., church regularly employs a woman in the choir, who whistles sacred music.

The Methodists of Colorado have voted in favor of admitting women as delegates to the general conference.

Rev. J. M. Meek, of Xmas, was stricken in the pulpit at Chillicothe, and died in the parsonage a few hours later.

Rev. W. M. Young tells us that his eight days' meeting at Lexington proved a season of general revival and refreshment.

The most recent statistics of the Congregational church show 5,342 churches, with 583,529 members, of whom 387,693 are women.

Work has been commenced on the new edifice to be erected by the First Christian church at Paducah. The building will cost \$20,000.

The Greek Orthodox church is one of the smallest organizations in this country, claiming but one organization, with 100 members. They have a church valued at \$5,000.

Rev. Green Lee Surber preached a sermon at the Christian church Sunday in the interest of the Bible College, in which he showed how grand a work the institution is doing for the cause of Christ and the dissemination of His Gospel.

The United States census shows that the Episcopal churches are the richest per member; the Presbyterians next; the Congregationalists next and so on down to the Southern Baptists, who are the poorest and the most numerous. Eternity! Eternity! Mark well, oh, man, Eternity!

Came there a bird each thousand year, A sand-grain from the hill to bear; When all is vanished, grain by grain, Eternity would still remain.

Rev. L. R. Milligan warns the churches and ladies and societies of the State against one Julius Mayfield, a young Jew who professes to have been converted and subsequently disowned by his people. Brother Milligan states that the young Jew is a fraud.—Kentucky Baptist.

The 50,000 Christian Endeavorers in Boston lived strictly up to a resolution adopted Saturday to use no street cars or other vehicles on the Sabbath. They walked Sunday to and from worship, and listened to sermons by visiting ministers, who filled nearly all the pulpits.

In congregation at the Christian church Sunday of over 200 persons, there were less than 25 men present. If their representation in Heaven shall compare with their attendance upon church there will verily be not a sufficient number of men voices in the Celestial choir to furnish the bass.

Rev. R. B. Mahony has been selected by the members of the Baptist church at Danville to fill the pulpit of its pastor, Rev. J. W. Lynch, while that gentleman enjoys an extended tour of Europe and other foreign countries. Mr. Mahony has also been solicited to accept the Baptist church at Fairmont, but he has not yet decided to do so.

Rev. H. W. Mahony, the oldest Baptist preacher in South Carolina, died at his home in Clarendon county, on the 18th ultimo. He was 91 years of age and at the time of his death had been pastor of one church for more than 65 years. His noble and useful life should be an inspiration to every one of our ministers. He has left a record behind him of which his descendants may well be proud.—Ky. Standard. Deceased was the father of Rev. R. B. Mahony, of this place.

Everybody who knows the bright and brainy young pastor of the Christian church here, Rev. W. E. Ellis, and who delight to hear him preach, will regret to know that there is a likelihood of his leaving us. The church, which is one of the richest in the State, is far behind in its promises to him, and as he can not live alone on promises unfulfilled, he will be compelled to go elsewhere, unless the members awake to the fact that they are about to lose one of the best preachers they ever had, and one of the best in the church for that matter. Mrs. S. J. Embry and Mrs. C. E. Cox are after the delinquents and it is to be hoped that they will come to time.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she will walk her son, Mr. Tom Eggers, 130 miles to San Antonio, suffering from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, the doctor said, result every thing else than bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. That is such results of which these samples, that prove the wonderful effects of Dr. King's in the coughs and colds. Free trial bottles at G. L. Penny, Exor's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and 1.

Electro Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electro Bitters sing the same song of praise. A proper medicine does not exist and it is important to all that they should take it. Electro Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimplies, boils, Salt Rheum and other afflictions caused by impure blood; will drive mucus from the system, and prevent as well as cure all kinds of rheumatism, Sciatica, Constipation and Indigestion, try Electro Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50c and \$1 per bottle at A. R. Penny's drug store.

The gold reserve in the treasury has stood for several weeks at \$107,000,000.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

M. F. Elkin bought of B. G. Gover a small bunch of heifers at 3c.

Commissioner McDowell has just sent out 1,500 packages of turnip seed.

F. P. Bishop sold to John Johnson, of Boyle, 20 lambs at 3½c and 20 fat sheep at 1½c.

Mr. Ben V. Smith, secretary, writes that Somerton will have a fair, and a four-day one at that, beginning Sept. 3d.

Bales & Wagers bought 300 lambs, for July delivery, from Waco parties, at 4c. They averaged 75 lbs.—Register.

This is a great year for apricots in Southern California. The crop in Pomona Valley alone will amount to about 1,000 tons.

The veterinarians of Indiana closed their recent convention with an elaborate spread, horse flesh constituting the chief delicacy.

In 1882 it took 324 bushels of wheat to pay for a self binding reaper, while a better one can be bought this year for the price of 187 bushels.

A Mt. Sterling paper says the wheat crop in Montgomery will not average over eight bushels to the acre. The yield all over the State is greatly below the average.

The Nebraska wheat crop is coming up to expectations and will be two-thirds of an average yield. It is estimated that the State's corn crop will amount to 18,000,000 bushels.

The Lancaster Record says that J. B. Warner sold 400 bushels of corn to the Stanford Roller Mills at 50c. W. G. Anderson sold to Monte Fox a bunch of fine 1,650 lb. cattle for export at \$1.

At Hutchings, of Danville, won the first heat of the 2½ trot at Columbus, O., last week with Chlorine in 2:13½. The man acted badly next heat and was discontinued.

In a race at Oakley Saturday Gray Hanley sold 2,000 to 1 in the books. In other words the bookie bet \$2,000 to \$1 she would not win. She ran last and Henry Navarre a 1 to 25 favorite won.

Over 5,000 horses were sent to England from the United States the first four months of this year, against 2,000 for the same period last year, which indicates that our trade in horses with Europe is increasing.

The "horseless carriage" is now attracting attention and inventors are bending their energies to the invention of a motor that will take the place of the horse, just as the electric car "emancipated the mule."

The consumption of tobacco in its various forms shows a steady increase. Last month, according to government reports, there were manufactured in this country 365,726,847 cigars, 305,150,300 cigarettes, 22,057,443 pounds of tobacco and more than a million pounds of snuff.

In congratulating of John Temple Graves upon his marriage, information of which was conveyed in a letter, President Cleveland wrote:

"Let me assure you now how much we appreciate the kind and touching sentiment you convey to us in our married state. As I look back upon the years that have passed since God in his infinite goodness bestowed upon me the best of all his gifts—a loving and affectionate wife—all else, honor, the opportunity of usefulness and the esteem of my fellow countrymen, are subordinated in every aspiration of gratitude and thankfulness. You are not wrong, therefore, when you claim, in the atmosphere of fast coming bliss which now surrounds you, kinship with one who can testify with unreserved tenderness to the sanctification which comes to man when heaven-directed love leads the way to marriage. You will, I know, feel that our kind wishes can reach no greater sincerity and force than when my wife joins me in the fervent desire that you and your bride may enter upon and joy the same felicity which has made our life one grand, sweet song."

Alexander Simms, who was hanged at Jacksonville, Fla., for murder, several days previous to his compulsory demise, caused a collection to be taken up for the purpose of bringing his wife and child from Flomaton, Ala., to see him. The money was sent his wife, she kept it and sent a telegram saying she didn't want to see her husband, and winding up with a command to the sheriff: "Don't ship his remains to me."

At Jeffersonville, Ga., Mrs. William Nobles and Gus Fambles have been sentenced to hang Aug. 16, and Miss Debbie Nobles to the penitentiary for life, for the murder of the first named's husband. Mrs. Nobles gave Fambles \$10 to murder him, but he weakened and she did the job herself with a hatchet and with Fambles and her daughter buried him in a cotton patch.

Two negroes, in jail for murder, were taken out by a mob at Hampton, Ark., and hanged.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions. It positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

OF A LOCAL NATURE.

J. W. Hamilton has been appointed postmaster at Bryantsville, Garrard county.

The contract for carrying the mail from Twilight to Philadelphia has been awarded to F. B. Riley, of London.

A post office has been established at Evansville, Rockcastle county and John G. Rogers was appointed postmaster.

Will Jesse Atkine, who was shot from ambush in Pulaski county a short time ago, will probably die of his wounds without revealing the identity of his assassin.

U. S. Judge Barr has ordered that the Richmond, Nicholasville, Irvine and Beattyville railroad be sold in January to pay its indebtedness. The upset price is \$50,000.

William Curry, the negro who so fearfully stabbed Harry Drake near Lexington a few weeks ago, was given five years in the penitentiary. Mr. Drake, who is well-known here, has about recovered.

The Russell Tribune has examined the records and finds that in Russell county, while liquor was being retailed, the amount of taxable property was \$1,001,015; under local option the amount was \$1,161,700, showing a difference of \$160,685.

The bodies of Gus Loeb and wife, the Jews that were murdered and robbed in Harlan county, were buried at Pineville. Overton and Scott, Claiborne county, Tenn., desperadoes, have been captured and lodged in the Harlan jail as the perpetrators of the foul deed.

Mrs. Lettie Lee Dawson, who was Miss Carson formerly of this place, died in Louisville last week. In her maiden days she was an unusually pretty girl, but consumption robbed her of her charms and decay and death have been apparent for some time. One child and her husband and a mother, who doted upon her, survive.

The Liberty Bell will be taken to the Atlanta exposition as it was to the New Orleans and World's Fairs.

Mont Cook, the highest peak in New Zealand, 13,632 feet high, has just been climbed for the first time.

True emeralds have been found near Bakersville, N. C., and a good output is predicted upon development of the vein.

The government surveying party claims to have found that Pike's Peak is 13,100 feet higher than has been thought or 15,647 feet.

The big balloon sleeves that women sport this year are to be followed by bigger balloon hoops for the skirt next year, so it is said by a New York authority on feminine rigging. Good Lord deliver us.

Ned Bryant, a blacksmith at Lexington, masticated the cranium of Reuben Wilson's six-year-old pet rattle-snake and spit the glaring eyeballs and deadly fangs on the sidewalk amid great applause.

A fellow over in Lincoln county, while on his way to a neighbor's to borrow a newspaper, was struck by lightning and killed. There isn't any necessity to point out a moral to adorn this tale.—Winchester Democrat.

J. J. Haley, of Rhode Island, has just bought from the United States government an island in Lake Worth, Fla. He paid 37c for it, and \$5 for the entry fee. He makes \$80 a month by sitting on the island and catching green turtles as they pass.

Death Valley, Cal., seems to be the hottest part of the United States heard from this season. On three days in succession, June 30, July 1 and 2, and two days in August, 1891, the temperature reached 122 degrees. For several days the people of Stanford have imagined themselves in Death Valley.

One fare to Washington and Baltimore and return. On July 15th and 17th the Chesapeake & Ohio railway will sell round-trip tickets to Baltimore at one fare for the round-trip, good to return until August 5th. Persons should remember that the Chesapeake & Ohio railway now has two solid vestibuled trains each way daily; with through sleeping cars, leaving Lexington 11:40 A. M. and 8:30 P. M. and arriving at Baltimore 4:05 A. M. and 4:57 P. M. next day. Returning, the C. & O. trains leave Baltimore at 12:40 noon and 9:55 P. M. and arrive at Lexington 8:35 A. M. and 6 P. M. next day. No change or transfer from one depot to another via the Chesapeake & Ohio route. For sleeping car reservations or any information write or call on George W. Barney, district passenger agent, Lexington.

Hotel keeper—I wish you might give me some idea for a taking advertisement of my hotel. Advertising agent—Have you mosquitoes? Hotel keeper—Well, of course, we have one or two. Advertising agent—Then advertise that fact. You might say that at the outside limit you have only two mosquitoes, and that guests desiring to use them must apply two mosquito in advance.—Life.

Carpets and Mattings.—My prices on these will surprise you. They are all new, not a single piece of carried over stock.

A Great Bargain.—A black stiff hat, the very latest shay, for \$1.15 worth \$3. The sequel—Buy and sell for Cash.

JAMES FRYE, Hustonville, Ky.

KNOWLEDGE INDISPENSABLE.
SUMMER CLOTHING.

These goods are to be sold and not carried. We need the room for our Fall Stock and they must go. We have also bought our Shoes in advance of high prices and we know we can do you good. We have a

Remnant Job Counter,

That brings you more goods for your money than you can get anywhere. This is cleaning up time with us and we intend to clean this stock. Come and see us.

HUGHES & TATE.

Money, Money, Money!
TO LOAN.

I am representing the North-western Mutual Life Insurance Co. in the loan department and am ready to make loans in this and adjoining counties. Interest 6 per cent. Term 2 to 5 years. For full information and application,



RESULTS OF MONKEYING WITH CHEAP MONEY.

SMALL CHANGE.

"Stop thief" has always been the cry of the pickpocket who feared capture. So we now find the silverites who want to enable debtors to repudiate one-half of what they owe, shouting loudly against our "dishonest money system." This may deceive a few people, but not for long. The people know that if not quite perfect, our present system is better than any ever had before, and far better than one based on fifty cent dollars.

The silverites all claim to be metallists, and deny that they want silver monometallism. At the same time they are fond in their assertions that previous to 1873 silver was the unit of value, and the country had a silver standard. This is especially insisted on in the new silver Bible, "Coin's Financial School." As the free coinage advocates protest that all they demand is the restoration of silver to the position it held before 1873 it is clear that they really want to establish the silver standard. For if under free coinage we were on a silver basis, it must be evident that restoring free coinage will put us back again on the same standard.

The 16 to 1 shouters protest overmuch that they are working solely in the interest of the people, because of their unselfish desire to promote the public welfare. How truly good of them! But suppose that there were no offices in view, and no spoils for the free silver politicians. Would those same "leaders" work so hard for cheap money? And if there were no silver mine owners to put up funds for the free coinage agitation, would the country be flooded with silver literature? Not much. The free silver movement is born of the selfish motives of silver producers working through schemers who want the spoils of politics.

It is not surprising that all sorts of financial heresies should be believed in by the masses when those who assume to be teachers hold such mistaken views. For instance, President E. B. Andrews of Brown University, in his book, "An Honest Dollar," says that the world is billions of dollars poorer because of the gold standard. Now, if that statement means anything, it means that there are billions of dollars' worth less of houses, railroads, vessels, factories, clothing, furniture, etc., in existence than there would be under a different financial system. But how, or why, this is so he does not tell us. The world is richer or poorer according as it has many or few of the things which minister to our comfort. An increase in prices is not an increase of the things for lack of which men are poor. President Andrews ought to know better than to mistake prices for wealth.

Gold Production Increasing.

That gold is growing scarcer and dearer is persistently asserted by the silverites, and they have succeeded in getting many people to believe that they were telling the truth. But their statements lack one essential element. They are not true. The official figures of the gold product of the world for 1894 have just been made public by Director of the Mint Preston. The latest and complete returns are given and show that the total value of the gold produced in 1894 was \$181,510,100, an increase of \$22,674,000 over 1893. The reports from the gold producing regions for the first six months of this year indicate a nearly equal gain for 1895, which will make the figures for this year about \$200,000,000.

The following table shows the production of both gold and silver each year since 1866:

Year.	Gold.	Silver.
1866	\$106,000,000	\$120,600,000
1867	105,775,000	124,281,000
1868	110,197,000	140,706,000
1869	123,489,000	155,423,000
1870	118,819,000	163,023,000
1871	130,650,000	177,352,000
1872	146,298,000	197,741,000
1873	157,228,000	209,163,000
1874	181,510,100	214,491,000

This is the convincing answer of facts, against silverite theory. In view of these official figures it will require unusual impudence on the part of the cheap money advocates to repeat their claim that gold is growing scarcer and that a few baukers can corner the world's supply.

Kaiser Wilhelm, of Germany, is spending \$1,500,000 on additions and improvements to his palace in Berlin, which it will take seven years to complete. Last year \$350,000 were spent in rebuilding the northwestern end.

A WAGE EARNER'S VIEW.

TALK AND SENTIMENT VS. LOGIC AND FACTS.

Only Hard Times and Hard Work Will Result From Adoption of the Free Silver Idea—A Question No Free Silverite Has Answered.

The free-coining-of-silver agitation disturbs me. The discussion of it faces me at every turn. Many of my friends in whom I have the utmost confidence are most ardent advocates of free silver, and my desire, before I had examined closely into the question, was to be a free silver man also. I would I could stand with my silver friends; but I cannot. The loudest talk, the most activity, the deepest earnestness, are arrayed on their side, but the logic and the facts, as they appear before me, are against them.

I am neither a farmer nor a banker. I earn my bread by work—which, by the way, is very scarce just now—and it is by closest economy that I am able to get along at all. In this condition of affairs I feel that I am "ripe for a change" of some sort, and I am only too eager to become an advocate of anything that will better matters, and I would be a free silver man if I could see wherein I could get any benefit from it. But I can see only harder times, harder work to live, through the adoption of the free coinage idea. I have wrestled over the question with the brilliant Bryan of Nebraska, with Senator Stewart, with Jerry Simpson, with Congressman Britton, and others, to see if they could point a way for me to join with them without leaving any doubts in my mind as to what the result of the adoption of their idea would be. They have failed to convince me because they have failed to give a logical answer to one question I have asked of them.

The assertion of the silver side is that the injection of free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 into our circulating medium will increase the price of commodities; in other words, that food and other household necessities that can now be purchased for fifty cents will under the proposed new order cost, a dollar to the consumer. That brings me to my question, which no free silver advocate has as yet answered. It is this:

"Will not free coinage of silver at the existing ratio increase the cost of commodities, and therefore decrease the purchasing power of wages?"

It seems to me that my question is fair and straight; yet when I pinned Senator Stewart down to it last year, on the occasion of the California Pioneer reunion, he turned away from me—gave no answer. Bryan and the other friends have agreed that free silver coinage would reduce the purchasing power of existing wages; but as one of them said—I forget which one—"Would you not be willing to submit to a temporary hardship for the general prosperity and good?" A Mr. Clark, who writes hot free silver pamphlets, answered my question by saying wage earners could even up matters by "demanding wages commensurate with the change;" which showed that he did not know how hard it was to get an increase of wages.

Labor and business are depressed.

All the silver of the world, dumped upon us, will not change the conditions. How can it? Suppose the wishes of the silver men are agreed to, and silver is coined into 16 to 1 dollars as fast as all our mints can do it—how will we who work for wages get any of it? For that matter, how will the farmers get any of it? We will have to work for it, and so will the farmers. But suppose there is no work, what then? Then neither can get it. I can see very plainly who will be the beneficiaries. The silver mine owners—not the workers, mind you—and the silver speculators, will be the sole beneficiaries. For we will coin their silver for them, taking fifty or sixty cents' worth of their bullion and put the dollar stamp of our Government upon it, benefiting them from eighty to a hundred per cent. on each dollar. Such a bonus is worth fighting for—would be a great "snap." Of course the silver mine owners will pay their miners in the silver dollars thus procured; but I wonder if they will increase wages to a point "commensurate with the change?" I do not know whether they will or not, but I do not think I am rash in saying they will not. Why should they, except as a matter of sentiment? But sentiment is not business; and business says: Get your labor as cheap as you can and sell your product as dear as you can.—Wm. McCabe, in American Industries.

Sound Money Sentiment in Kansas.

Outside the silver producing States it is generally supposed that Kansas is the leading free coinage State in the Union. This is largely because the People's party is solid for free silver, which it finds entirely consistent with its financial theories. There is also an active silver sentiment among the Republicans and Democrats of the State, but judging from the result of an examination by the Topeka Capital, the great majority of the Republicans at least are opposed to the free coinage of silver on any terms. The Capital publishes a list of the prominent Republicans, showing that eighty per cent. of them which have taken any position on the silver question are against free coinage. It also gives the names of a number of leading Democratic papers, all of which oppose free silver.

As the sentiment of the people is fairly represented by their local newspapers, it is evident that with the exception of the Populists Kansas is on the side of sound currency and an honest dollar.

Working for Mexican and Chinese Wages.

The Kansas City Star (Ind.) calls attention to the statement, in a recent consular report from Shanghai, that the manufacturer who hires laborers in Asia, and pays them in silver, is enabled to produce goods cheaper than they can be made by the manufacturer in the United States, who pays wages in gold or its equivalent. "The remedy proposed for this unequal competition," says the Star, "is the adoption of free silver in the United States," and this "involves the proposition to cut down the pay of the American laboring man to a level with the pay of the Japanese, Chinese, Indian and Mexican laboring man."

Poor Man's Money.

What insufferable demagogery is that cry about the "poor man's money." They say "gold is the more valuable; it is the money of the rich, silver is the cheaper metal, it is the poor man's money, therefore all poor men should demand free silver." Now, in the name of all the gods at once, why should there be one kind of money for the poor and another for the rich? What is money for, anyway? If a laboring man wants it as pay for his services as a fortification against time of sickness, or as a competency for old age, he wants the best money going, not the poorest. If poor money is the thing for the poor man, why advocate money as good as silver? Why not make the "poor man's money" out of copper and brass? Is there any sensible reason for talking about "poor man's money," anyway? Why should not the poor have the same standard of value as the rich? You might with equal sense advocate poor food, ragged clothes and rancid butter as being especially adapted to the comfort and happiness of the poor, simply because they are cheaper. Give the poor man the best money in the world. His share of it is small enough as it is; do not make that share still smaller by giving it to him in "cheap money," money which is not worth dollar for dollar just as much in purchasing power as any other dollar in the world. When you erase from the free silver doctrine the suggestion that the poor man needs a different kind of money from the rich man, you have erased a large part of their entire stock of arguments.

Explain the Facts.

How do the organs of unconditional free silverism account for the fact that business has improved so remarkably and that the number of persons employed in the industries of this country, and the wages paid them have increased so largely in the last few months?

Such things have no right to occur if we are to believe one-half of what these silver monetarists tell us. They say the country is going to the devil and can take no other direction until we have the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

When we are told that the most wretched countries of all that pretend to civilization have the free and unlimited coinage of silver and that it does not obtain in any great or leading Nation, they say that has nothing to do with the case; that free coinage is the thing for us and that until we adopt it things are bound to get worse and worse with us.

But somehow things refuse to go that way. Business is better than it was two years, one year, six months or one month ago.

In our cotton mills, shoe factories, clothing factories, iron furnaces, manufacturing industries of every class there are more employees than there were at the opening of the year and the average of their wages is greater. The wages of hundreds of thousands of men and women have within the last three months been increased ten and fifteen per cent. and in nearly every instance the increase has been voluntary.

What, then, is the reason for this great and general improvement in business and this general increase of wages? Is this a time to revolutionize the currency? Is this a time to abandon conditions under which all the material interests of the country are improving and adopt a system of currency which, wherever it exists, is found in connection with National inferiority, commercial insignificance and degraded labor?—Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.

There are ten "fruit schools" in France where pupils are instructed practically how to cultivate and husband fruits.

BUSINESS MEN AROUSED.

Anti-Free Coinage Organization in North Carolina.

The "free silver" men have for several years had things pretty much their own way. That is, they have met with no organized opposition because they have been in such a hopeless minority that the sound people have not taken the trouble to organize to protect our National credit and keep our dollars as honest as possible. Now that the free silverites are menacing our currency and credit system, the sound money people, who believe in common honesty, are organizing in all sections of the country and are rapidly changing the outlook for the free coinage of silver. The prospects now are that the silver mine owners, who have for ten years been investing heavily in the free coinage propaganda, will not realize on their investment. Recent experience of the silverites in Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky and other States which they supposed were solid for free coinage at 16 to 1, indicate rough sailing ahead for their craft. The 16 to 1 people are driving a blow at the business interests of the country, and they must expect to encounter bitter opposition.

One of the most recent sound money organizations is the Democratic Sound Money Club, of Wilmington, N. C. This club was formed on June 24, principally by the business men of Wilmington, who usually take but little interest in politics. It is said that there is not an active politician in this organization. The club has adopted a declaration of principles, the fourth paragraph of which reads as follows:

"We assert that universal experience teaches that it is beyond the power of any Government to make gold and silver circulate as money in unlimited quantities at a ratio that does not correspond with the market values of the two metals; and we believe that the passage of an act by the United States alone providing for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, when the market ratio is 32 to 1, instead of inflating the currency and causing an advance of all prices, as commonly believed, would, in the first instance, immediately drive out of circulation 620,000,000 of gold dollars, give us pure silver monometallism, and contract the existing volume of currency to the extent of about one-third, create an instantaneous scarcity of money, disarrange all business calculations, deter all persons from entering into contracts, and, in fact, paralyze industry, throw innumerable persons out of employment, and cause immeasurable loss and suffering."

They were coined free of charge and delivered without expense to the owners of the bullion from which they were made, and they contained 420 grains of standard silver, or thirty-six grains more than the quantity contained in two half dollars, or four quarters, or ten dimes. The trade dollar was a legal tender in the payment of all debts, public and private, not exceeding \$5 in amount, just as the half-dollars, quarters and dimes were under the statute then in force. Now, if the stamp of the mint, is sufficient to impart value to a coin here was an opportunity to demonstrate the fact. But what was the result? The trade dollar, as I have said, was coined for private individuals and delivered to them for their own use, just what is now proposed to be done with the silver dollar; but the small subsidiary coins were made by the Government on its own account and paid out by it for its own benefit, with a pledge in the law to redeem them on presentation in lawful money, and the result was that the value of the great big trade dollar, with precisely the same legal tender quality as the small coins, and with the stamp of the United States Mint upon it, declaring it to be a dollar, went down to less than eighty cents, corresponding exactly with the actual value at that time of the metal contained in it, while the little coins, with the promise of the Government behind them, have maintained their value and their full purchasing power at all time. (Applause)—Secretary Carlisle, at Louisville, Ky.

A Question of Honesty.

Mayor Warwick, of Philadelphia, hit free silver a hard blow between the eyes when he said in his speech before the Union League, of Philadelphia, on June 24:

"To joggle with this question is cowardice. We cannot climb over it, dive under it or sneak around it. This is more than a question of party. It is a question of principle and honesty. The Government has no more right to debase the coin than the rogue has to clip it. The Government does not make standards of value. They are made by commerce and the laws of supply and demand. The Government can't make honest a thing that is dishonest. It may be able to compel obedience to its decrees by force, but it has no more right to stamp fifty cents' worth of bullion with the declaration that it is a dollar than I have to steal a dollar from my friend here. The moment it does that it makes the Goddess of Liberty on that coin tell a lie. It is simply a question of honesty, and in the name of God don't let the Government of the Republic be dishonest. If the Government can take fifty cents' worth of bullion, and can by its impress make it a dollar, it can by the same power take twenty-five cents' worth and make it \$20."

Sound Money.

The Richmond State says: "A silver dollar passes for a sound dollar when the Government will give a gold dollar in exchange therefor. But let the Government once decline to make such an exchange, what then? The bullion in a silver dollar is worth say about sixty cents. Therefore the silver dollar cannot be worth intrinsically as much as a gold dollar. Gold is recognized the world over as a money metal and it circulates everywhere as money at a fixed value. Silver is not so recognized. It is not an international money. Therefore its circulation value, its fictitious value if you will, is not equal to that of gold. In short, a silver dollar cannot walk alone. It must go with a crutch or it falls. It is not sound money."

A silver dollar in this country passes at its face value of one hundred cents, and is exchangeable for a gold dollar. The Mexican dollar passes at its face value in that country, but it is not exchangeable for gold. The result is that a fifty-cent piece of American money has the same purchasing power in Mexico as the Mexican dollar. And yet the 16 to 1 statists declare that the gold behind the American dollar is not essential to its current value.—Arapahoe (Neb.) Public Mirror.

A Poser for the Populists.

"If the free coinage of silver is such a good thing," asks the Memphis Scimitar, "why is it that the greatest and most enlightened Nations have abandoned it?"

MAKING MONEY.

THE TRADE DOLLAR OBJECT LESSON.

If the Government can create money, or which is the same thing, give it a value independently of the actual value of the material of which it is composed, then all the philosophers and statesmen and political economists who have written or legislated upon the subject have been mistaken, and all the labor and taxation to which the people have been subjected in the past have been unnecessary and unjustifiable. (Applause.) The promise of the Government, or of an individual, to pay money is quite a different thing from a mere declaration by law, or otherwise, that a certain thing is money. The promise may be good on account of the solvency and integrity of the party that makes it, and it may have a purchasing power equal to the amount of money specified, but at last it can be satisfied only by the payment of actual money. It is the promise of the Government, its pledge to maintain the parity of the two metals, and its determination and ability to do so, that now keep the purchasing power of the silver dollar equal to the purchasing power of the gold dollar; but the moment free coinage is established for the benefit of private individuals and corporations, this promise would cease, because the Government would be under no obligation whatever, moral or legal, to tax the people at large in order to keep these private coins as good as gold. (Applause.)

"We assert that universal experience teaches that it is beyond the power of any Government to make gold and silver circulate as money in unlimited quantities at a ratio that does not correspond with the market values of the two metals; and we believe that the passage of an act by the United States alone providing for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, when the market ratio is 32 to 1, instead of inflating the currency and causing an advance of all prices, as commonly believed, would, in the first instance, immediately drive out of circulation 620,000,000 of gold dollars, give us pure silver monometallism, and contract the existing volume of currency to the extent of about one-third, create an instantaneous scarcity of money, disarrange all business calculations, deter all persons from entering into contracts, and, in fact, paralyze industry, throw innumerable persons out of employment, and cause immeasurable loss and suffering."

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Don't Want Cheap Money.

The Milledgeville (Ga.) Union-Recorder says: "Many of us

Seventeen cities in the United States are each of larger area than Berlin with its population of 1,579,000.

Fired by the example of Dr. Thivier, who sits in the French Chamber in blouse, another Socialist, a pig merchant named Deloge, offers himself for election with the understanding that, if successful, he will attend the sessions in blouse and sabots to boot.

The farmers in a Louisiana parish met and with great unanimity resolved "that each and every member of the order hereby obligates himself to use the most rigid economy until we get out of debt, and thereby be financially independent of any man or set of men."

The San Francisco Examiner thinks Japan is getting too civilized. The last steamer brings word that a know-nothing society has tried to blow up the Minister of Finance, while the Government is accused of turning over 160,000 yen from the Secret Service fund for the election expenses of the Liberal Party.

Indicative of the efforts that must be made to stay the ravages of a single species of predatory beast is the information that the State of California has paid out \$187,000 in bounties for coyote scalps, and has scalp claims against it to the amount of \$118,000 still unpaid. Now a technical question has arisen as to where the money shall come from to pay for coyote killing.

The Berlin Vegetarian Society has had a hard time lately disciplining some of its members for breach of the laws. One of them was found to be a dealer in poultry, who even went so far as to personally slaughter the birds. Another one was found to be connected with a newspaper which advocates the use of horseflesh by the poor, and a third for using fish-glue in his stamp collections.

A California paper boasts that a single school district in San Bernardino County of the State is seven times as large as the State of Rhode Island, and has more coyotes than the whole of New England. "But we would wager," comments the Boston Cultivator, "that the school children in Rhode Island are better taught than the coyotes in that district, or the coyotes of New England than the school children of that district."

A discovery, the value of which to the medical world cannot be estimated, has just been made known by a New York physician, announces the Chicago Herald. It is an antidote for morphine poisoning, and, judging by the result of an experiment conducted before a number of New York doctors, it is complete. The discoverer made the experiment on himself, much, however, against the protests of his fellow physicians, who were less sanguine of its powers. Convinced of the value of his discovery, Dr. Moor, the discoverer, swallowed three grains of morphine, a sufficient quantity to kill the most robust adult, following it with his antidote. The usual effects of morphine poisoning—languor, sleep, death, did not appear. Instead Dr. Moor was the most cheerful and enthusiastic participant in the discussion which followed his attempt to "commit suicide." The antidote is the permanentate of potassium.

A recent monograph on the subject of "Geographical Concentration in American Agriculture," written by John Hyde, and read before the International Statistical Institute, gives some curious facts about the cultivation of hops in this country. In 1840 the total production of hops in the United States was 1,233,502 pounds, 36.11 per cent. of which was produced in New York, and 40.23 per cent. in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Forty years later the production had increased to 26,546,378 pounds, New York contributing 81.48 per cent. of the total. In 1890 the hop production of the country was almost revolutionized. New York still contained 73.03 per cent. of the total acreage devoted to hops, but her yield was only 47.16 per cent. of the total production. The explanation of this phenomenal change is the remarkable productiveness of the hop lands of the Pacific Coast States, the yield per acre, according to Mr. Hyde, being nearly three times as great as that of the hop lands of the State of New York. The next ten years will produce a still greater change. The census of 2000 will probably show the Pacific Coast producing the major part of the hops consumed in the United States. If they do the production must be enormous, for no industry in this country is growing more rapidly than the brewing of beer, for which a supply of good hops is indispensable.

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Sunlight and the morning dew,
And the dazzling dawn of youth,
When fancy paints the boundless blue
With promises of glorious hue,
And the world seems walled with truth.

Sunlight and the noon tide high
And the wandering ways of men,
In search of pleasure far and nigh,
They know not where its valleys lie.
Nor how, nor why, nor when!

Sunlight and the evening gale
And the dull twilight of ago;
The eyes grow dim, the pulses fail,
While mournfully the damp winds wail
That blurr life's blotted page!

Sunlight and the after glow
On the cloudless brow of heaven.
Through dark and drear the earth below
No pain of life his soul shall know,
His sins are all forgiven!

—M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Journal.

A BRAGGART IN LOVE.


HE women had gone to the drawing-room, and we had finished first cigars, when the conversation struck on matrimony. We were all married men explaining how it happened. The other guests had told in turn their little story in the free confidence one feels at the end of a perfect dinner. I had related my romance, and we now turned to our host.

"Narlin, how did you win your wife?"

"It's a long story—began on hunting in the Arizona desert, crossed the water, and ended in Colorado. Light fresh cigars."

I think it was the summer of '86. Geronimo was not yet taken, and we had been chasing in our turn until, for lack of backs and feet, our horses were lagging in the race, and we were set to water holes in the San Simon, so polluted with alkali and arsenic a sensible savage would have shunned it, as my dyspepsia, which dates from that campaign, tells me I failed to do.

Somehow the Geronimo campaign always reminded me of a fox-hunt; the Indian scouts keeping their noses close to the scent like dogs too slow to force the bush into the open, while the various troops, like hunters in different wind, held and lost the place which promised first at the finish. If you know Arizona at all, you will recall how sharp and rocky are the crests of the divides; being lines of most resistance in this land of deep erosion, they retain the sharp, jagged profile often seen in the snow-ice of mountain drifts as it disappears in early summer. Below these scoop-like colonies of rounded foot-hills, receding and growing less until they end in broken boulder mesa, which, with numerous arroyos, fades into the soft, level adobe plain, and blends, as unexpected as the canvas walls of a cyclorama join the rocks and logs in the pit below you.

The Indians preferred these sharp crests, which were for them both watch-towers and impregnable bastions. Occasionally they would strike across the valley, kill a rancher, and steel fresh ponies, and some trooper would cut in and crowd them in the open till they took the next divide and met some barrier that balked the pursuers and forced on them a detour, while some other trooper, through accident of locality, would take and take the chosen place on the trail, giving for a few days its dust to the other pursuing columns. It was a weary stern-chase, performed under burning skies of cloudless blue in a thirsty land of heat intolerable.

We had had our little spurt; had brushed them off the divide, and for three days led in the open across the valley to the Sierra Madre, where fresh horseflesh cut in from our right and took from us the place of honor and left us, foot-sore and back-sore and winded, at the base of the mountains, where we were ordered a day's march back into the valley, near the border, to guard water holes of the San Simon in the sultry month of August. The nights were getting bearable, but the day heat still held on with the stubborn insistence of a Southern summer. Our camp was not happy—the water was bad; our shelter-halves, but little thicker than cheese-cloth, proved leaky sun-shades, and we reinforced them with our saddle-blankets; we had no amusement except to growl, wish we were in the chase and wondering whose blooming intellect had squatted us down among Gila monsters and sand-flies to watch so foul neither soil nor sun would drink it.

Something was going to happen, for the strain was telling on meu's nerves. The weather was too hot for camp idleness, and we were near the "line." I was first sergeant of L Troop then, and, next to a coward or a thief, I think I loathed a deserter. We were near the border of Mexico, where one must not cross, but where smuggling is permitted and vice possible. The men were getting irritable—I knew the signs, the tension was reaching snapping point. I had been thinking of it all day. That evening John Leighton and I were working under the orderly ly at the "records"—were posting Vangn and Murray's "finals" in the clothing and descriptive books. Vangn was a corporal and Murray our blacksmith, who had been killed the week before on the day we pushed the Apaches off the divide. We were crowding them to close in the lower pass, when a few bucks slipped off into the canon and nipped our pack train

in rear. We had to quit pressing in front to save our train. It was a clever bit of work, and five bucks did it, killing two men for us, losing us our game just as we were bagging it.

Leighton was company clerk, a talented, handsome fellow; had served out in India. He had a cheering freshness and facility of expression, and spoke with the quick, falling inflection and directness of the English in speech one so quickly learns to love. He was mechanically ruling double red-lines in a book where a life's account of services had been credited and closed, much as a bank-book is ruled when a statement is rendered from a balance struck. The words "Died" or "Deserted" placed in red ink in the space below showed the cause of closing for service abruptly terminated. The usual remark was "Discharged by expiration term of service" in black ink.

"Sergeant, and whose will be the next bloody 'D'?" asked Leighton, without a ring of feeling.

"There'll be plenty of 'em, if this blooming heat continues and we remain in this camp," I replied.

We were working at this official funeral in the sultry summer night by the unsteady light of lantern-candles, and were not feeling impressed or reverent. Leighton was in his undershirt, open at his handsome brown throat. As he leaned over the books at work, a locket from his bosom fell the slack of its gold chain and struck the desk.

I noticed it, and he took it off, handing it to me with indifference. He had opened the locket, revealing the portrait, which was that of a fresh young girl, one of those sweet English faces, whose charm is complexion and expression of confidence complete.

The eyes arrested you—pathetic, soft brown eyes, so tender they seemed to reproach, and, as you changed your point of view of the miniature, followed you with their full, warm light. I have seen such affectionate light only in the brown eyes of faithful dogs watching those they love.

Seeing my more than casual notice of the portrait, Leighton added: "It's an old story; not worth the telling; I don't know why I keep it."

He spoke with the same absent interest we were feeling over this work for the dead. It struck me as peculiar that in a romance accomplished there should be no trace either of bitterness or remorse, only weary indifference. I was so quickly fascinated by the face that Leighton's manner annoyed me, and I did not ask for the story. Possibly overheat makes men irritable, for somehow I resented this careless fellow wearing about him a face like that, with less interest than he wore his spurs. I did not then notice the resemblance of the face to Leighton's.

I stopped abruptly and thought of desertion, changing the conversation to this, the subject of my day's musing.

"Leighton, something's got to be done to relieve the pressure. I know one. The lieutenant would like to do so. He feels the pulse of this camp and knows the symptoms. But what can he do?—his orders to remain here are imperative, and he can't pass us across the line."

"Hunting leave," laughed Leighton.

"Hunting leave, then, let it be!" I replied, "with no questions asked as to our game or preserve, though I can tell what your will be, you young imp! To-morrow make out a hunting pass for six." Leighton was humming a catchy service ballad that had appeared in London music-halls the year before, and did not reply.

Next morning, I presented with the report four-days' hunting pass for six men. The lieutenant dipped his pen in the ink and held it in contemplation for a moment above the place for signature, looking thoughtfully across the level plain. Then, with quick decision: "I wish, sergeant, you and Leighton would take hunting pass, and let no complications arise." He signed the pass, adding our names to the text.

The following evening found us all in Corralitos. After dinner, while smoking fragrant Vuella Abajo of the "Zona Libre," I strolled through the narrow streets of this old Spanish town, watching the wealth of a western sunset, where the after-glow was fast fading. High above the mountain-tops lay great billows of russet flame, with crests like the mane of a wind-fanned prairie fire. Lower in the madro spread the pure deep purple of southern twilight, while from the foot-hills came the soft evening breeze born after the heat of day. Even sounds fell on the ear so gently you thought that before reaching you they must have loitered to bathe in the aquaia and caught some of its murmur.

On the plaza I passed two groups of comrades, one seeking solace in bravado, the other, fortune in roulette—pleasant pastimes that might lead to "compliments" while money lasted, and would bear light watching.

I walked on to the Jardín de Oro, a small public park, where seronaders are inspired and listeners stroll or seat themselves on benches or the grass.

Only those who have suffered the heat and glare of a campaign in the desert can form any idea of the physical luxury of green trees and water. I was sent listening to the soft Indian Spanish as it fell about me in slow chatter. From afar it mingled with the murmur of the fountain.

What contrast this scene to the hot camp I had just left, where were heard only the whirr of the rattle-snake or the insistent cooing of the lonely turtle-dove—mournful sounds which seem to add to the vibrant heat. Above the mountains lay a zone of troubled white, from which the moon had now risen into the full, upper blue, causing the leaves overhead to cast shadows in arabesque on the grass at my feet, where, as the night breeze

stirred the foliage, it wove marvelous figures in trefoil and tracery for fancy to play with as with those made by flames in a grate. Now it was the lines of a Gothic window, seen in an old cathedral almost forgotten, and now, on grander scale, the design of delicate drawn-work recalled from my lady's chamber.

Leighton was there, mantilla beside him. I could only half see the revealed oval of the face, but the figure was slight and pretty, for I caught its graceful outline later when they passed me.

Next evening, at a baile, Leighton presented me to Panchita. Together they were dancing—he and this pretty animal, with eyes for him alone. In the desert so rapid is love's kindling, so quick and full its flame, no charred or half-burned brands are here left on love's altar. It is consumed, and what survives must spring, phoenix-like, from fire or else descend from heaven.

After the danza ended, Leighton was standing in shirt-sleeves near Panchita, with the collar of his jersey open at the throat—a trick of his that made me suspect that he had seen service in the navy. As he leaned over her, Panchita's eye caught sight of the locket chain, and he removed the locket, opened it, and handed it to her; this time not indifferently, but with all the pride of prized conquest.

I was watching Panchita closely as she gazed fascinated by the portrait, and I saw her tremble. Only as I read her face then by what I now know, can I tell how well it expressed all that hopeless sense of loss which comes with the abandonment of things loved or desired. For an instant her eyes showed the rage a child sometimes feels for an inanimate object, when that object has hurt it. And I thought she would break the locket; then the woman conquered, and she smiled as she retuned it.

From that moment her abandonment toward Leighton was complete: her gayety and grace became exquisite, while a look from him would lead her.

"Oh, you Eastern dervish of hearts!"

I exclaimed to myself, as Panchita left him and skipped to get a handful of cascaraes and then returned, crushing the pretty tinsel spangles in a shower over his brown head and throat. She clattered about him with the grace of a bird, and her eyes never left him. She was becoming intoxicated with her own movements; her cheeks were flushed with bright fever spots, and her eyes shone like stars. On and on they danced, seeing only each other, and she looked as if she could dance forever.

At length Leighton proposed they go, and she obeyed his wish as if hypnotized or impelled to do it; and, ignoring her ducuna, they left together.

The next week I ruled Leighton's official epitaph in the L Troop records thus: "Deserted from hunting pass August 18, 1886."

You see, the case was an awkward one. The night of the baile he had been stabbed in the park. I found his body there, and my comrades were about to string up Morales, Panchita's local admirer, for the stabbing, when I stopped them.

"Hold on, boys," I said; "remember I promised the lieutenant no complications."

So Leighton became officially a "deserter," and I kept my word.

Besides, I doubt if stringing up would have been fair to Morales, when I found Leighton's body, the locket was lying on the ground beside him. The clasp was open and the portrait blood-stained and mutilated, as if by the point of a dagger.

I think Leighton half knew what he was doing when he flaunted that portrait at Panchita—he was a careless chap, and loved danger in a way to win any woman's heart. But you see it was his first affair in this land, and he was mistaken in their temper.

How could I let his record remain so? Well, what could I do? Besides, Leighton was not his right name, as I found out afterward when reading his home letters to get his relatives' address. His name was Jack Langhorn, and that locket the rascal showed me contained a portrait of his youngest sister. I found that out in writing to his family, whom I told that Langhorn was killed by the Apaches in the fight at Chirachue Fass—that occurred two weeks before his death.

Three years later Jack's sister came to the States, where I met her in Colorado, the year after I left the service and made the strike at Marqua Hala. She is Mrs. Narlin now, and you met her at dinner. But remember, she knows only half the story of her portrait, and Jack Langhorn was killed by the Apaches. Let us join the ladies—C. Overton, in Argonaut.

Saw the Stomach Work.

The students of the Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons the other day were treated to an inside view of a man's stomach at work, and it is said to be the first time that the spectacle was ever seen. By means of a flexible rubber tube a diminutive, but powerful electric light was introduced into the patient's stomach, and the lights in the room being lowered, the darkness permitted over 2000 students to see the workings of the stomach. The experiment was conducted by Professor Julius Friedenthal.—New Orleans Picayune.

Different Tastes in Guns.

In guns the old-style flint locks, with stocks carved and painted in colors and with barrels painted in peculiar hieroglyphics, are sold to the Arabs and African tribes in quantities. The South American takes a dainty barrel of the smallest gauge, with the stocks also elaborately carved and ornamented. The European buys a gun exquisitely finished and inlaid in tracings of gold.—Chicago Herald.

PUZZLES FROM A MINE.

THE HISTORY OF THE DIAMOND SHROUDED IN MYSTERY.

Does Nature Scatter Her Gems Broadcast From Some World in Space?—South Africa's Mines.

A S is pretty widely known, the diamond mines of South Africa, situated chiefly in Griqualand West, consist of large depressions, filled with earth, varying in color from yellow to gray and blue, which is described as a tough, dry mud of volcanic origin, sometimes hardened into rock. This mud, or "blue," as it is technically called, is enclosed in a basin of rock geologically known as "pipe," which is supposed to be a crater of an extinct volcano, into which the mud has been injected from below.

The four principal pipes or mines lie within a radius of a few miles, and are known as Kimberley, De Beers, Dutoitspan and Bultfontein. The general features of all are alike; in each, the upper part of the soil is yellow, changing, at from fifty to one hundred feet from the surface, to a blue ground of greater density. The diamonds were first discovered in the yellow earth; and when the miners had cleared that out, they imagined that they had come to the end of the diamond; but it was soon found that they were even more abundant in the blue ground; and since that time the mines have been carried down to 600 and 800 feet without any diminution in the yield; on the contrary, the deeper the excavations are carried the better are the outputs.

The register of a country hotel in Maine one day recently contained names of Mongolians, Russians, Prussians, Italians, Turks, Greeks, Canadian, French and Germans, each written in the owner's language.

A lake of boiling mud, two miles in circumference, exists in the island of Java, near Solo. Masses of soft, hot mud continually arise and fall, and huge mud bubbles explode like balloons, with reports like guns, at the rate of three a minute. A Japanese audience, when they wish to express disapproval of a bad play, do not hiss or hoot or make any hideous and inconvenient noise; they merely rise to their feet and turn their backs to the stage, upon which the curtain immediately descends, and the play is forthwith tabooed.

A cat, imported from Madagascar, is in the possession of W. C. Robinson, of New Castle, Penn. The animal has no tail and runs like a rabbit. The cat is a great rabbit hunter, and can follow Mr. Bunny into almost any burrow. Mr. Robinson claims that it caught nineteen rabbits one day recently. Ancient critics said Homer was a plagiarist. Nancrats charged that Homer stole all his work from a preceding poem; Aelian mentions one Syagrus who preceded Homer and wrote a poem on the siege of Troy; and Suidas says Homer got his best passages from a poem by Corinnus on the same subject.

The California Indian's bow is made from the white sap of wood of the cedar, the outside of the tree being the outer side of the bow. The stick is scraped and polished with pieces of obsidian. Then it is roasting in ash and bent into shape. Their arrows are made of button willow, twigs of buckeye and eaves.

Wet Weather Philosophy.
As I was passing through F street on a recent shower morning, I saw an umbrella-mender sitting in front of the door of an office building, working away on a heap of broken umbrellas, which evidently he had collected from the tenants inside. The rain was falling steadily, and the man must have been wet to the skin before he returned their property to his customers. I could not forbear asking him why he thus invited a bath.

"Why shouldn't I?" he asked in response

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E. C. WALTON, Business Manager

PERSONAL POINTS.

Mrs LIZZIE BROWNING is visiting Miss Lon Elliott.

Mrs ED M. NEVINS has been visiting relatives in Marion.

Mrs JULIA PAYTON, of Lousiville, is with Mrs. S. P. Stagg.

Mrs ERNA COURTS went to Lebanon yesterday to visit friends.

Miss ROBERTA BROWN is suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis.

Mr. GKO. B. BURTON, of Pittsburg, is his father, Mr. Wm. Burton.

Mrs J. A. MUDD spent several days with his brother at St. Marys.

Miss LIZZIE FRENCH, of Richmond, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rice.

MANLEY W. TYREE, of Clinton, Tenn., spent Sunday with his mother here.

Miss JENNIE DUNCAN, of Lancaster, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. C. Warren.

Mr. AND MRS. W. M. BOOLE started on their return to New Orleans yesterday.

Mr. M. E. LORD, of Louisville, spent Sunday with his wife at Mr. H. T. Harris'.

Miss ISABELLE BAILEY is visiting Misses Ella and Daisy Wingate at Midway.

Mrs. J. E. FARRIS has returned from a visit to Mrs. Josephine Evans in Danville.

Mrs. W. C. ELLIOTT and children, of Madisonville, are guests of Mrs. John P. Jones.

GABRIEL BENKENSTEIN, of Cincinnati, is the guest of his uncle, Mr. Robert Fenzel.

Miss MOLLIE BROOKS, of Crab Orchard, is visiting her brother, Mr. J. R. Brooks, at Harrodsburg.

Misses MATTIE PAXTON, Fannie Shanks and Jessie McRoberts leave Thursday for Lake Chautauqua, N. Y.

Mr. AND MRS. W. B. GOOD, of Danville, are spending a week with his father, Mr. B. F. Good, at Turnersville.

Mrs. S. E. CURTIS, of Georgetown, and Miss Rachel Allison, of Lexington, are visiting Mrs. Stephen Burch.

Mr. W. M. LACEY spent several days very pleasantly visiting relatives and friends in Garrard and Madison.

Mr. THOMAS METCALF, of Wilmore, joined his wife here Friday and went to Crab Orchard Springs for a season.

Mr. EUGENE HUBBARD, who has spent several weeks with his father, Prof. J. M. Hubbard, left Saturday morning for his home in St. Louis.

CARROLL SHANKS had the misfortune to fall off of a load of wheat the other day and was considerably hurt about the back and shoulders.

Miss ETHEL GRIPPS, of Chattanooga, returned with Miss Annie Bronaugh Engleman and is now her guest at her home in the Shelby City section.

Ma. GENE LACKY, of Cuero, Texas, and bride, whom he married a few weeks ago in Ohio, arrived yesterday to visit the family of Hon. G. A. Lackey.

Prof. J. M. HUBBARD went down to Gallatin, Tenn., Sunday to view the situation before accepting the presidency of the Female College at that place.

Miss LIZZIE CRANK, who has been with Mrs. J. S. Rice for a month or two, returned to Cave City yesterday and several young men have gone in mourning.

Mr. S. V. ROWLAND and his granddaughter, Miss Mary Hite Rowland, of Danville, were here several hours Saturday en route to Richmond to visit relatives.

DR. W. B. PENNY and Ed Wilkinson are at Liberty to close the contract for music with the fair company. A Casey county fair without the Stanford band wouldn't look natural.

MR. JOHN VAN DE WATER, from Holland, is visiting Mr. George C. Givene. He is a son of Mr. A. P. van de Water, who spent several years here and bought considerable property.

HARRY GIOVANNOLI, of the Danville Advocate, was up Thursday night to see Diadem Lodge confer the second and third degrees. Mr. G. is a very enthusiastic Knights of Pythias.

MR. J. ELKKE ROBINSON and Capt. Charles Gallagher, of Lancaster, took the train here yesterday for Clear Creek Springs, in Bell county. This is the 13th consecutive year that they have summered there.

EDITOR T. C. ADAMS prints a bit of breezy impressions of Stanford and Lincoln county in the Richmond Pantograph made during his recent visit, in which the INTERIOR JOURNAL figures and which we highly appreciate.

MR. AND MRS. CHAPMAN COLEMAN, of Mercer, Mrs. Thomas E. Kirtley and daughter, Miss Hallie, of Greenville, Texas, Mrs. G. T. Helm and daughter, Miss Pinkie, of Danville, and Mrs. Rev. G. W. Perryman, of Newport, have been visiting Mrs. Joe F. Waters.

We regret that our friend R. G. Williams, who represented Centre College in the oratorical contest at the Lexington Chautauqua, failed to secure either of the prizes. They were won by W. W. Ballard, of Kentucky University, and John Norris, of Georgetown College.

A nicely gotten up announcement of the opening of the Pollock-Stephens Institute at Birmingham, Ala., has been received. Miss Olivia W. Summers, formerly of the College faculty here, is principal and she will be assisted by a full corps of teachers. This College had 120 students last season.

Mrs. BEN SPALDING and Mr. Thomas Hill Spalding, of Lebanon, were guests at Col. T. P. Hill's, en route to Crab Orchard Springs.

CITY AND VICINITY.

A WORLD of hats at W. H. Shanks'.

FANCY pieces in China at Danks'.

CEDAR hills at Higgins & McKinney's.

BORN, to the wife of James Sprinkles, a 10-pound boy.

TRY the cash plan with Severance & Son this six months.

CHEAP wheat for chicken feed at J. H. Baughman & Co's.

CRACKED ice tubs 75c. Imitation cut glass, Danks, the jeweler.

Oils, paints, varnishes, etc., at Craig & Hocker's, the New Cash Drug Store.

WHITE duck vests and pants and neckwear in great variety at W. H. Shanks'.

OUR readers will find much of interest in the extra page we send with this issue.

You should examine our remnant and job counter and our clothing. Hughes & Tate.

HAVE your carpets cut, sewed and pressed without waste at Withers & Hocker's.

You should try a load of Noel & Son's cannel coal at only 10 cents per bushel delivered.

Yours account is ready and I must have money. Please call and settle. W. B. McRoberts.

If you want a great bargain go to Withers & Hocker and get a full spring Turkish couch for \$5.

MESSAGES for doctors left with Craig & Hocker at the Cash Drug House will be promptly delivered.

ONE of the largest and most select line of hats ever received in Stanford at one time at W. H. Shanks'.

ALL who have not paid their city taxes will be advertised in next issue. Sam W. Menefee, city tax collector.

FROM July 1st we shall conduct our paper work and optical business on a spot cash basis. Danks, the jeweler.

Go to Withers & Hocker and get what furniture you want before the advanced price on material go into effect.

THERE was a very small crowd at Danville yesterday and fewer stock than for years on the county court day market.

A HORSE belonging to G. A. Hurst, the lightning rod man, was struck by the cars in town Saturday night and so badly injured he had to be killed.

HAVING secured the services of Mr. Lewis H. Bellebaum, an expert pharmacist, we are prepared to fill prescriptions day or night. Accuracy guaranteed. Craig & Hocker.

A VERY hot wave followed the pleasant spell and yesterday's humidity added to the intensity of the heat. A number of nice showers fell and cooler, fair weather will likely prevail to-day.

WE have some accounts on our books for which we have waited long and patiently and now we say to those who owe them that they must be paid. A hint to wise people is sufficient. Hughes & Tate.

In addition to doing a rushing retail trade, Manager T. D. Raneys tells us that the Lousiville Store has quite a large jobbing business, which is constantly increasing. He says he sells goods cheaper than they can be bought in the cities.

ARTHUR TODD, who stabbed young Marion Thompson to death at a singing school near Woodstock a couple of weeks ago, was tried at Somerset last week and given 10 years in the penitentiary. Todd is only 16 years old while Thompson was a year his junior.

THE examining trial of Shelby Nunn for the murder of William Best was continued from Thursday till yesterday on motion of his attorney, Capt. Wm. Hernon, who evidently wanted to delay the inevitable as long as possible, that is holding without bail.

SOMERSET is as crazy about base ball as Stanford was several years ago, and if one is to judge by the amount of space the newspapers of that thrifty town give to the game, the editors are something of cranks on the subject themselves. Hardly a day passes but what a game is played there and frequently they have two.

BEATRICE HARRADEN, author of "The Ships that Pass in the Night," has written another story which will appear in the Twice-a-Week N. Y. World, in two installments. It is a story of American life and is said to be very interesting. Remember you can get this paper and that for \$2.75 a year, a total of 208 copies—a little over 2 cents a piece.

STOCKHOLDERS here in the First National Bank at Florence, Ala., are getting very tired of the monotonous reports that it sends out. For a long time it has stated its gross earnings at certain amounts and covered them by bad debts and expenses. If all the money that our people have lost in such and other doubtful ventures in the South and West had been kept at home very many of us would have been a great deal better off.

A GOOD second-hand 12-horse portable engine for sale cheap. B. K. Wearen.

Get your window shades, curtain poles and extension brackets from Withers & Hocker. They are up to date.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE STUART, of Paris, have brand new boy at their house. Mrs. Stuart was the lovely Miss Sallie Moore and her friends here send congratulations.

MISS KATE BLAIN, superintendent, tells us that of 61 white teachers examined, 10 got first-class certificates, 19 second class and 16 third-class. Nineteen failed entirely.

CRAD ORCHARD SPRINGS is enjoying a season of old time gayety and guests are already testing the capacity of the place. There are said to have been 50 arrivals one day last week.

LANCASTER has at last adopted standard time and she may catch up with the procession in the sweet subsequently, if it be not too long delayed. Meantime the Record is doing its best to lift it out of the slough of despond and inactivity.

The Louisville Times is a little out of date in telling of the killing of Dan Kidd at a picnic at Pellyton, Adair county. It happened nearly a month ago and our readers will remember the full report this paper gave at the time. The Times' Columbia man is evidently working that paper.

P. W. GREEN has sold to Thomas Morrissey, of Junction City, his bar-room at Rowland, ok, stock and barrel. Mr. Morrissey rendered the money for State license to sell liquor to County Clerk J. F. Channing, who refused to accept it, and he will on the advice of his lawyer proceed to sell any way.

MANSFIELD RCTOR, a brother of Lewis Rector, now in jail here for safe keeping, charged with horse stealing in Laurel county, enticed little Susie Price, aged 14, from her home near Big Hill, Jackson county, and brutally assaulted her. This is the second offense of the kind Rector has committed in the last two months and he will likely be hung when caught.

WHILE returning from Danville one night last week, four of Stanford's young men were yelling like Conanches and shooting off their pistols all along the road. They shot into a tree full of chickens in the yard of Mr. James Gastineau, near Willow Grove school house, killing several. He is making an effort to find out who the parties are and will report them to the next grand jury.

THE Kentucky Post makes big mention of a family near Cincinnati, in which four generations are represented. Every day at the Myers House here can be witnessed a similar case. Mrs. Connor, who is still a comparatively young woman, sits with her daughter, Mrs. Kittie Burnside, at the table, where are also her daughter, Mrs. E. P. Owsley, and her daughter, Mattie Hayes.

THE Moonlight Fete given by the young ladies of the Presbyterian church on the College grounds, Friday night, proved as much of a success financially as it was a social delight. Refreshments were served in the chapel by beautiful young ladies, daintily attired, while the sweet music by Deckelmann's orchestra filled the air. A number of ladies acted as entertainers and the young people enjoyed themselves till a late hour. The proceeds were \$32.

THE CROPS.—Mr. John Bright tells us that the wheat crop in this county, taking quality and quantity into consideration, is not over a half average. Mr. J. B. Adams only got five bushels an acre from his crop and it graded below No. 3. The average in the county will not exceed eight bushels. He says the corn crop is unusually fine, as are also the meadows and oats crop and the apple crop an immense one. Lovers of brandy are already smacking their lips in joyful expectation.

THE one-story residence in Darstford occupied by Mr. Frank A. Ayers and owned by Mr. Reuben Williams was burned Sunday morning about 3 o'clock. The fire originated in the kitchen and when Mr. Ayers awoke it had gotten under considerable headway. The fire laddies were out in full force, but as there are no fire plugs in that suburb they could do little other than save the surrounding buildings. Mr. Williams had insured the house for \$1,000 just three weeks before in the North British and Mercantile Insurance Co., represented by Mr. J. H. Kirby. Most of the contents of the house were destroyed, including \$37.50 in cash.

WE will continue the coal business at Mr. Higgins' old stand and will have on hand at all times the very best coal which we will deliver promptly. We will sell strictly for cash and will make it to the interest of the people of this section to pay Cash.

HIDES, I will take all the hides I can get for cash or let trade for leather on court days at Stanford or at my home in Ottendorf, Chas. Enslin, Tanner.

JAMES F. HOLDAM, is a candidate for Superintendent of Schools of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democracy. November election, 1895.

W. S. BURCH, is a candidate for Superintendent of Public Schools of Lincoln county; subject to the action of the Democratic party.

STANFORD Female College, Stanford, Ky.

Fall Session Opens Sept. 3

1895.

Primary, Preparatory and Collegiate Departments.

Scientific, Classical and Special Courses of Study.

Studies of Music, Art, French and Elocution.

Particular teachers employed, each a specialist in her own Department.

Boarding pupils under the direct supervision of teachers.

For further information, address WILLIAM SHELTON, President.

"Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

So is our line of goods, for we endeavor to select good and nicely made goods and offer the public the benefit of our knowledge. Call on us and judge for yourself. Our prices are low, for we bought these goods when opportunity was given us and therefore the advantage is yours. The best Clothing ever offered in this section of the country. Look at our \$7.50, \$10 and \$12 Suits. It will pay you. Our Children's Department is full of goods at low prices also.

THE GLOBE

Strictly One Price Clothing House,

J. L. Frohman & Co., Danville, Ky.

→H. & G. RUPLEY, ←
Merchant Tailor,

Is Receiving His
SPRING : AND : SUMMER : GOODS.
Goods Warranted and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give me call.

SPECTACLES

Fitted by Latest Scientific Methods.

For ' Diseased ' Eyes,

We have Specialist.

DANKS, THE JEWELER, AND OPTICIAN.

MASON'S JARS

.....At the Very.....

LOWEST : PRICES,

At

W. H. WEAREN & CO.'S

FAIR !

Time is coming on and you will want lots of Summer Goods. Don't forget to look at our stock. Fancy Goods, Notions, Summer Wash Goods, Fans, Handkerchiefs, Parasols, Small of all kinds.

PICNIC !

SEMI-WEEKLY INT. JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
AT
\$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE
When not so paid \$2.50 will be charged.

K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Trains leave Stanford at 7:15 a. m. and 3 p. m. arriving at 4:30 p. m. and 10:30 p. m.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

No. 44, Train going North..... 12:15 p. m.
No. 45, " " South..... 12:04 p. m.
No. 45, " " " 1:15 p. m.

QUEEN & CRESCENT.

Train goes Junction City as follows:
No. 1, South..... 4 a. m. No. 2, North..... 3:35 p. m.
" 3 " " " 3:35 p. m.
" 9 " " " 8 a. m. " 10 " " 6:00 a. m.

North, Nos. 3 and 6 and 9 and 10 run no further than Junction City, run on Sunday.



A cream of tarter baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—[Latest United States Government Food Report.]

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
106 Wall Street, New York.

POSTED.

The following farmers have posted their lands and hunters and trappers will please take notice.
JOHN TURNBULL.

A. S. PRICE,
Surgeon
Dentist,
Stanford, Ky.
Office over McRoberts' Drug Store in the Owlesley Building.

IF YOU ARE GOING.....

NORTH OR WEST.
....THE.....



Is the line for you, as its

Double Daily Trains
Make close connections at
LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI
For all points,
THROUGH TICKETS SOLD.
BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH
For any information enquire of
JOES. RICE, Agent,
Stanford, Ky.

Portland. San Francisco.
....To the.....

NORTHWEST
....Via The.....

MONON ROUTE
Louisville, N.Y., Albany & Chicago Ry.
Only Dining Car Route From

LOUISVILLE TO CHICAGO.
Elegant Pullman Vestibuled
Sleepers of Modern Pattern.
For maps or any information, address

FRANK J. REID, { E. H. BACON,
G. P. Agent, } or { D. P. Agent,
Chicago. Louisville.

Denver. He SURE to call for
"MONON" Route. St. Paul.

NORFOLK AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

TICKETS SOLD TO ALL POINTS:
OHIO, INDIANA, ILLINOIS,
WISCONSIN,
MISSOURI, KANSAS,
NEBRASKA, COLORADO,
ARKANSAS, CALIFORNIA,
—**TEXAS,**—

THE WEST, NORTH-WEST, SOUTH-WEST
FIRST CLASS, SECOND CLASS
AND EMIGRANT TICKETS.

—THE BEST ROUTE TO THE
NORTH AND EAST.
Vestibuled Coaches,
Sleeping and Dining Cars.

SEE THAT YOUR TICKETS READ OVER THE
NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILROAD
CHEAPEST, BEST AND QUICKEST LINE.

Write for Rates, Maps, Time-Tables, Descriptive
Circulars, to any Station Agent, or to
W. B. REEVES, ALLEN HULL, M. F. BRAGG,
Passenger Agt., Bus. Passenger Agt., Traveling Pass. Agt.
ROANOKE, VA.

A Menagerie Man's Satire.

Some time ago the proprietor of a traveling wild beast menagerie well known in Italy quarreled with his wife and the pair separated. The wife soon afterward went into business on her own account in the wild beast line. Last week the husband's menagerie arrived in Bologna, and it was followed two days later by that of his wife. The husband was equal to the occasion. He had the walls of the town placarded with the following ambiguous announcement: "In consequence of the arrival of my wife in this town, my stock of wild beasts has been increased."—London Daily News.

Different to Answer.

"It is bad enough to lose one's temper," said the good deacon to his Sunday school class, "but how infinitely worse to swear over it."

The little fat man on the front seat nervously mopped off his forehead. "I'd like to know what you're going to do," he said, "when you are a baker, and just as you get your arms buried in a tub of dough two hundred flies make the discovery that the whole top of your head is bald?"

The deacon said he hadn't thought of that.—N. Y. Recorder.

Honestly Won.

"How did you get the title of 'general?'" asked a hero-worshipping girl. "I cut my way to it," was the proud reply.

"On the field?"

"No; in Bill Wiggins' hotel. There were only two men in our town in Kentucky who had ever been in the army at all, so we cut the cards to see which should be 'general' and which 'colonel.'—Washington Star."

A Honeymoon in Italy.

A day or two after his marriage Bartolotti met his friend Gelsomini on the English promenade at Nice.

"What, you here?"

"Yes, I am on my wedding tour." "And your wife?" "She has staid at Milan to mind the house."—Il Carlino.

An Average Housekeeper.

Mrs. Bingle—What perfectly horrible weather we are having. I haven't seen the sun for a week, and everything is moldy.

Mrs. Bingle (a day later)—Mercy on us! Mary! The sun is shining right in on the carpets. Close the shutters.—N. Y. Weekly.

Kept His Vow.

"And did he really keep his vow of committing suicide when he found she would not marry him?"

"Why, yes; in a fashion. He drank himself to death."

"Oh! killed himself on the installment plan, did he?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Is It a Fair Day's Pay?

The Maid—Zee market wooman eez below, madame, and zat zat after this eggs will be thirty-six cents per dozen.

Madame—Preposterous! Three cents for one egg?

The Maid—Pardon, maids madame must considerate zat eet eez a day's work for zee hen.—Judge.

Disapproved.

Willie—What does a still, small voice mean, papa?

Willie's Father—That's what anyone hears, Willie, when they have done wrong.

Willie—But when you've done wrong the voice you hear isn't still and small.—N. Y. Herald.

Not Surprised.

Bass—Do you know that Fenderson is a regular lady killer?

Cass—I suspected as much from what he said about the woman in the big hat just in front of him at the theater the other night.—Boston Transcript.

The Little Collector.

I don't care much for the postage-stamps themselves—treat me and you; The fun I get collecting comes from sticking 'em in with glue.—Harper's Round Table.

FAMILY LIKENESS.

Greatly improved for 1895 and worthy of consideration.

The following is a list of fairs in Ken-

tucky, with dates of meeting this year.

Lebanon, July 24—3 days.

Lawrenceburg, July 30—4 days.

Springfield, Aug. 1—3 days.

Danville, Aug. 1—2 days.

Sharpesburg, Aug. 6—4 days.

Nicholasville, Aug. 6—3 days.

Campbellsville, Aug. 18—4 days.

Vereilles, Aug. 14—3 days.

Columbus, Aug. 20—4 days.

Shelbyville, Aug. 20—4 days.

Winchester, Aug. 21—4 days.

Shepherdsville, Aug. 21—3 days.

London, Aug. 21—3 days.

Lexington, Aug. 25—5 days.

Bardstown, Aug. 27—5 days.

Barbourville, Aug. 27—4 days.

Liberty, Aug. 28—3 days.

Franklin, Aug. 28—3 days.

LaGrange, Aug. 28—2 days.

Williamsburg, Sept. 3—4 days.

Paris, Sept. 4—3 days.

Bowling Green, Sept. 4—4 days.

Louisville Trot, Sept. 9—6 days.

Elizabethtown, Sept. 10—4 days.

Horse Cave, Sept. 17—4 days.

Paducah, Sept. 24—5 days.

Owensboro, Oct. 1—5 days.

Greenville, Oct. 9—4 days.

Why? —

Five years ago few persons in America had heard of **Ramon's Tonic Liver Pills** and **Ramon's Tonic Pellets**. To-day they are used in thousands of households.

What has worked this change? Four different things.

1. This is not simply a liver pill but an **entire treatment**. It is a complete substitute for a physician in liver troubles.

2. It costs only 25¢, when the same medicines if purchased separately would cost 50 to 75¢.

3. The remedy works gently and not violently. It does not arouse a feeling of weakness but makes you feel steadily better from the first day.

4. It is absolutely harmless. Sick or well, it can not be a bad thing to take, as it purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

Why not try it for those occasional headaches? It will stop them.

At all dealers, or mail for 25¢, 6 boxes \$1.00
BROWN MFG. CO., New York.

For sale by W. B. McRoberts.

Green Briar Springs FOR SALE.

Persons desiring a place of this kind will find it to their advantage to call on or address,

MRS. MARY E. SLAUGHTER,
Crab Orchard, Ky.

THE BASTIN HOUSE,
Crab Orchard, Ky.

Meet all Train night and day. Patron taken to any part of town of Charge.

Good Livery Attached. Fare of Hotel \$2.00 per day.
11-6 A. H. BASTIN, Prop.

NOTICE!

Having decided to move in my store-house in Stanford, Ky., I have a desirable store-house in the business portion of Rowland which I will sell or rent at a reasonable price. For information apply to,

T. C. BALL.

FOR RENT,
AT LANCASTER, KY.

Store Room 80 feet deep, plate glass front, the latest modern shelving, all new and elegantly furnished for dry goods, clothing or drug store, conveniently located on the Public Square, among the cash stores of the town. Terms easy and price right.

Address R. H. BAXTON, Lancaster.

See the Lightning Pruning Hook.

DR. W. B. PENNY.**Dentist, : Stanford, : Ky.**

Office on Main Street, Opposite the Post-Office.

W. S. Burch, Atty. at Law.

R. M. Newland, Deputy Sheriff.

Burch & Newland,

General Collectors,

Stanford, Lincoln Co., Kentucky

We offer our services in the public to do a general Collecting Business. Accounts, notes, etc. collected in all parts of the country.

11-6

Dehorn Your Cattle.

ICE !

I am now ready to deliver ice from the Stanford Water, Light and Ice Company's Factory

At 40 Cents Per Hundred Pounds

And over and 1/4 a pound for 10 pounds and up to 100.

Hills due at each month.

E. BREMER, Stanford.

TO THE LADIES !

My Millinery Stock is full and complete. Call and examine and you will be sure to buy a new Spring Hat.

MISS LUCIE BRAZLEY, Stanford, Ky.

THE LADIES

...ABR...

CORDIALLY : INVITED

To call and examine my Spring Millinery, which I open up. I pride myself in having selected and fitted the best material.

Three Buildings, room for 200 boarders. Faculty of Officers, Teachers and Lecturers. Patrons from entire